A NEW SONG:

BEING A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

WHIGG and TORY.

Concerning the

Election of Sheriffs.

TORY,

Come, let us all at laſt agree, Debate's a Curſed Faſhion:
'Tis only baſe Diſloyalty, Infects the King *and* Nation.

Whig.

HOw! What, in ſuch a *Caſe* Unite?
'Twould be a plain Repentance:
A *Whig*, can n'er turn Proſelyte,
Before he hears his Sentence.

Tory.

Whence are you thus inſpir'd with Zeal?
Sure 'tis the *Devil's* Motion;
Two Sheriffs n'er made a Common-weal,
That's but a Formal Notion.

Whig.

In troth, the depth you do not ſee,
Of all our Srir and Fury;
Our Guilty Crimes muſt n'er go Free,
But by a well-pick't *Jury*.

Tory.

If then it be ſelf Preſervation,
That you from *Sheriffs* claim,
Why may not We, and half the Nation,
Expect and ſeek the ſame!

Whig.

Alas! with us 'tis otherwiſe,
Though we don't draw our Swords;
We may be hang'd for being wiſe,
Or ſpeaking dangerous Words.

Tory.

But now you ſee, by the Effect,
Since all is paſt and done,
That *North* and *Rich* are true Elect,
And have the Conqueſt won!

Whig.

Then needs muſt *Tyburn* have us all,
For which we were created;
For when You *riſe*, We needs muſt *fall*,
And with our Noiſe be hated.

Tory.

Take heed then of the *good Old Cauſe*,
Be ſure to rule your Tongue;
Theſe honeſt Men muſt rule by the Laws,
Which ne'r will do you wrong.

Whig.

Tell me no more of wholſome Laws,
Which hold with Reaſon ſtill;
By Factions I muſt get Applauſe,
And gratifie my Will.

Tory.

Come *Whig*, 'tis time to leave this way,
And change your bad Condition;
In all things now the King obey,
And not your own Ambition.

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